

South Shore,
Blackpool,
April 2nd

Dear Sir

I am very glad to hear that you have received the book all right, and that you intend to read the "Rejected Articles." I cannot tell you for certain who is the writer of the articles, but I strongly suspect P. G. Patmore - the father of Mr. Coventry Patmore, the poet - who was engaged at Colburn's in 1826 when the book was published. I have given this as my opinion to Mr. Browning - we were speaking of "Boccaccio and Fiametta" - and he says he thinks as I do. You will see that one of the "Articles" is by P. G. Patmore. If they are by him I will find out through his son, I am asking for his address, but cannot get it anywhere.

Though proof 'gainst Venus' snares, and the cup
that drowneth cares,
He could not resist my offerings of gold,
For gold can purchase smiles, and the cup that
reconciles,
And gold can do a host of things untold.'

JUPITER.

'Thou art right, my dear Plutus, gold conquers all
charms,
Only gold gained me access to Danæ's fair arms;
If stripped of their gold the exalted must cower,
For though power be ambition, 'tis gold commands
power.'

Blackpool.

JOSEPH BARON.

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course they are written as a rival to
the "Respected Addresses" of James Smith
and his brother Horace.

Pray do not trouble yourself about the
book you think of sending in return for
the book I sent you; I desire nothing in
return for any kindness or service I may
be fortunate enough to do for you, though
if you have published any pamphlets—Such
as those by your old friend J. O. P., on the
spelling of Shakespeare's name—I shall be
happy to receive a copy. If you have the
address of Mary Cowden Clark will you
kindly oblige me with it? I enclose you
some verses written by me at the age of 18,
what do you think of them? Edsworth
is very clever, but nothing to you; you
really do underrate yourself very much.
With best wishes, believe me to remain

Yours very sincerely,

Joseph Baron

James Collier, Esq^r

AN ECHO FROM OLYMPUS.

'Gold is the God of this iron-girt age.'

JUPITER.

'Come, tell to me, Bacchus, thou God of the Vine,
How many have worshipped to-day at thy shrine;
How many have fallen a prey to thy snare,
And vowed in the cup to drown troubles and care.

'Come, tell to me, Venus, thou Goddess of Love,
How many have lingered to-day in the grove;
How many have fallen a prey to thy charms,
And vowed to drown troubles and cares in thy arms.

'Come, tell to me, Plutus, thou King of the Land,
How many have sought thee to-day with a hand
Avariciously opened, and fawning for wealth;
Simple fools! so regardless of conscience or health.'

BACCHUS.

'Looking at the vines this morn,
On the sunny mountain,
And the gently-swaying corn,
By the Muses' fountain,
There I saw a handsome youth—
Handsome as Apollo;
Hard I tempted him, in truth,
But he would not follow.

'Though tempting the youth with a nectar so rare,
Even thyself had not power to refuse;
Nectar that Momus would not even dare,
Grumbling and cold though he be, to abuse,

'Vain were all the words I said,
Offers unavailing,
For the youth would not be led,
So my arts are failing:
Then he went I know what where,
But from blame exempt him,
Though I offered wines so rare,
None of them could tempt him.

'Though tempting the youth with a nectar so rare,
Even thyself had not power to refuse;
Nectar that Momus would not even dare,
Grumbling and cold though he be, to abuse.'

VENUS.

'At noon I rambled through the woods,
Fann'd by a gentle breeze,
To sniff the fragrance of the buds
Upon the perfumed trees;
Then I beheld as fair a youth
As ever seen in dreams,
The splendour of his golden hair
Eclipsed Apollo's beams.

'I gave him captivating smiles,
Which very seldom fail—
I exercised my magic wiles,
But all without avail.
At Pleasure's fount he would not drink,
Nor Bliss's goblet drain,
With Bacchus I begin to think
My arts are all in vain.'

PLUTUS.

'The mortal whom you name seems to be the very
same
As the one that I ensnared an hour ago;
Even now he soils his hands, as the avaricious bands,
Doing any sort of labour down below.
Though proof 'gainst Venus' snares, and the cup
that drowneth cares,
He could not resist my offerings of gold,
For gold can purchase smiles, and the cup that
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And gold can do a host of things untold.'

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Payne Collier

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